



VOL XX.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31, 1854.

NO. 36.



SUCCESSFUL SHEEP FEEING.

Mr. James Baker, who has a large farm in Strong, Franklin Co., and which he devotes in part to the grazing business, informs us that he has for the past five successive years, wintered from one to two hundred sheep each winter, and has lost not a single sheep.

Mr. Baker's method of management is somewhat different from the common mode. It is generally believed that it will not do to keep sheep together in large flocks, that twenty-five or thirty in a flock will do better than a larger number.

He, however, keeps all his in one flock but as he says gives them plenty of "elbow room." He has a large yard in which he keeps them in the day time, and another large yard where he keeps his cattle in the day time. During the night when the cattle are in the stall the sheep have both yards to themselves. He keeps running water at all times in the yard. He feeds them in dry weather out of doors; in stormy weather he feeds them under cover. If you give them feed out of doors in stormy weather, as soon as it gets wet, he observes, the sheep will not eat it and if it is wasted, and the sheep fail of being filled. These facts are worth remembering.

A CHAPTER ON SOWING WHEAT.

Get WHEAT INTO THE GROUND EARLY. Every year's experience and observation, shows more and more plainly, the importance of sowing wheat early. In looking over hundreds of reports of the wheat crop the present season, we have almost been surprised at the very frequent recurrence of these instructive words, "Early sown wheat is good, but later sown was winter-killed," or "destroyed by insects." We think we are safe in saying in respect to the past crop, that three-fourths of the better fields were those sown early, and the greater part of that destroyed or injured was late sown.

The corn and potato crop must suffer great diminution in consequence of this state of the weather, and feed for cattle is getting very short. Those who sowed corn for fodder will receive great benefit from it now.

This excessive drought is discouraging to the farmer, but there are, nevertheless, some advantages to be taken of it. It is a capital time to dig muck and to drain low lands. The farmers are pretty generally doing this in our vicinity, and there will be thousands of loads more of this article hauled to the barnyard than heretofore. Drains may now be made whereby bogs and muck beds may be prepared to be applied even in wet seasons, because you can thus get command of the water.

Look and see if those fields that were ploughed deeper than others, stand the drought any better than those ploughed shallow.

Mr. J. Johnson, of Geneva, N. Y., in the Country Gentleman of the 13th ult., says, "my forty acre field, that I plowed after harvest, so very deep, and sowed with wheat from 11th to 14th of September last, with one plowing, did not show as well last fall and this spring as some wheat on other farms. This was undoubtedly owing to the very deep plowing, but latterly during the whole drought, it grew luxuriantly while other fields failed from drought it did not appear to suffer so much for deep plowing."

LET THE WOOD GROW.

The question of renovating pastures is getting to be one of no small importance to many farmers. We gave not long ago, some remarks on this subject, wherein we recommended the use of plaster for this purpose.

In many parts of the State, we find pastures, especially those situated some distance from the barn, or some out pastures which have not been attended to very carefully, that are growing up to bushes and wood. We have thought that it would be a good plan to let these bushes and trees grow on a portion of the pasture, say one half of it, until they have attained a considerable size, and then cut and burn them upon the soil, and again sow grass seeds, after which the bushes and wood might be allowed to grow on the other half with a view to clearing them off in the same manner. Thus an alternation or rotation of crops, wood and grass would be followed.

Where this alternation is feasible, the renovation of pasture could be accomplished on those parts of the farm that are too rough to be plowed. But the question may be asked—How long will it be necessary to allow the bushes and wood to grow, before cutting and burning them off? This must depend on circumstances.

In some situations they will grow large enough in five years to make quite a dressing, when burnt upon the soil; in other places it may require ten or fifteen years. It is a singular fact that wood will grow upon land, and continue to increase in fertility, while the same land cultivated to crops such as grain, or root crops will become exhausted. The cause undoubtedly is this—when grain or root crops are raised they are carried off, while whatever is produced by wood is deposited on the soil, and as much of the substance of wood is obtained from the atmosphere, and changed to a solidified form; there is in fact an addition of material to the soil, instead of diminution, as in the case of grain crops. Could the grain and root crops be used up on the spot where they grew, or in other words, the whole of their material returned to the spot of the earth where they grew, the fertility of the soil would be increased instead of being diminished, by as much as they obtained from the atmosphere and gave to the soil in a more solid material form. Many of our old pastures are in a condition for the trial of this experiment now; "clumps" or patches of bushes growing in detached portions of them, might be cut off and burned, and seeded down to grass, a rake or harrow covering it. If cattle or sheep could be kept off of such portions during one season, it would get more strongly rooted, and thus become enabled to stand cropping much better than otherwise. We throw out these hints for the consideration of farmers, who have rough pastures requiring to be renovated. We should like to hear from any one who has thought and experienced upon the subject. An account of their success or failure, would be of service to others.

RIPENING PEARS. Many varieties of pears, if suffered to ripen on the trees, are dry and worthless—but if picked before ripe and placed within doors in a warm room to ripen, they are melting, juicy and fine flavor. This we believe is applicable to nearly all varieties. The proper time to pick them is when they begin to change color, or when some of the imperfect ones fall to the ground. They should always be picked by hand, and never shaken from the tree.

[Mich. Farmer.]

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR
OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN AGRICULTURAL AND
HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

To be held at Lewiston, Wednesday & Thursday, Oct. 4th and 5th.

The Trustees of the Androscoggin Ag. and Hort. Society offer the following premiums to be awarded at their next annual Show and Fair, to be held at Lewiston, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 4th and 5th, 1854:

Working Oxen.

For best team town not less than 16.

2d do., general cattle, not less than 16.

3d do., team town 3 yrs. old, not less than 16.

4d do., 2d pair working oxen.

5d do., best pair working oxen.

6d do., best pair 3 years old steers, reference being had to discipline and training.

7d do., best pair 2 years old steers,

8d do., best pair yearling steers,

9d do., best pair steer calves,

10d do., best pair beef oxen fattened within limits of the society,

11d do., best pair of horses.

Bulls, Cows and Heifers.

CLASS I.—DURHAM.

best bull over 1 year old, American Herd

Book and

2d do., American Herd Book.

best bull calf,

3d do., diplomas and

best cow,

4d do., best specimens of horns, hoofs, spades, hay and manure forks, not less than $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. each,

5d do., best grain cradle, Patent Office Reports.

6d do., best specimens of horse and ox shos, not less than $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. each,

7d do., best ox yokes,

8d do., best diploma.

9d do., best harrow,

10d do., best cultivator,

11d do., best straw cutter,

12d do., best exhibition cabinet furniture,

13d do., best stoves and other castings,

14d do., best riding saddle,

15d do., best traveling trunk,

16d do., Hata, Cup and Fur.

best silk or fur hats, not less than 5.

17d do., best specimen of men's or boy's sciotio cap,

not less than 5.

18d do., Household manufactures, and Manufactured Cotton and Woolen Goods.

best specimen full-drawn cloth, 20 yds or more,

19d do., best piece cassimere, 20 yds. or more,

20d do., best piece all wool plain flannel, 20 yds.,

21d do., best piece all wool twill'd flannel, 20 yds.,

22d do., best piece fine white cotton cloth,

23d do., best piece fancy cotton cloth,

24d do., best samples seamless bags,

25d do., best specimen dentistry,

26d do., best cotton counterpane,

27d do., best rug earth rug,

28d do., best yarn earth rug,

29d do., best yarn floor carpet,

30d do., best specimen woolen knitting yarn, 1 lb.,

31d do., best woolen hose, 2 pairs,

32d do., best woolen half hose,

33d do., best cotton hose, 2 pairs,

34d do., best specimen patching and darning,

35d do., best loaf rye and Indian bread,

36d do., best loaf wheat bread,

37d do., best lamp mat, work bag, traveling bag,

38d do., embroidered table cover, ottoman or chair seat, worsted picture work, each,

39d do., All other kinds of needles and ornamental work and flowers to receive such premiums or gratuities as the committee may think them entitled to, not exceeding in the aggregate the sum of \$10.00.

Mannae.

To the person who shall prepare 6 cords of compost manure to be sold at least expens.

40d do., to be given in return of materials and process of manufacturing, \$3; 2d do., Patent Office Reports.

41d do., For any other article produced or manufactured within the limits of this society, considered worthy, the committees are requested to recommend a gratuity or gratuities, and the Trustees will comply with their recommendation, so far as in their opinion the finances will allow.

Committees.

On Town Thems. Jesse Davis, Davis Randal,

Cyrus Washburn, Sumner Nash, G. Field,

G. Working Ozen, Daniel Holland, Whitney Frank, Eliphaz Coburn, Jas. R. Coffin, Jas. Webster,

For Ozen, J. B. Ham, Nath'l Small, Peter Garcelon, M. O. Butler, Samuel Emerson.

On Steers. Daniel L. Weymouth, Albert Martin,

Melvin Henderson, Chas. H. Nevins, Joel Wright,

On Cows and Heifers. Sam'l Moody, B. P. Rockley, B. P. Parker, Sewell Moody, Joshua Lambert,

On Bulls and Bull Calves. Wm. Newell, Jr., I. B. Dow, J. S. Garcelon, E. S. Bryant, W. W. Waterman,

On Horses. Alexander Burbank, E. H. Ayer, Ingerson Parker, Nelson Strown, Simon Dwinall,

On Sheep. Tristram Hill, Cephas Farnsworth, W. B. Merrill, S. A. D. Garcelon, Jas. C. Bryant,

On Swine. T. A. D. Farnsworth, Jesse Coburn,

Elisha Stetson, Wm. Neal, Oliver Morse,

On Poultry. Aaron King, Jr., Wm. P. Douglass,

Jonathan Parker, E. C. Farnsworth, Cyrus Morris,

On Corn, Grain, Hay, &c. D. T. Casey, Stephen Davis, Wm. Longley, Ezekiel Martin, Mrs. J. M. Fry, Mrs. Nelsie Strout, Mrs. Oliver Mower,

On David Larsses.

On Carts and Carriages. H. L. K. Wiggin, Silas Sprague, Wm. Maxwell, Jas. Lowell, Thos. Jordan,

On Leather. Jas. A. Garcelon, Calvin Record, Nathan Sawtelle, Jacob H. Roak, John Holland, Jr., L. D. White, Chas. F. Mitchell, Geo. Miller.

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3d do., team town 3 yrs. old, not less than 16.

4d do., best lot apples, not less than 1 bushel.

5d do., best specimens winter apples, not less than 3 varieties and 1 bushel each.

6d do., Cole's Fruit Book.

7d do., Cole's Fruit Book.

8d do., best lot pears, not less than 1 peck.

9d do., Cole's Fruit Book.

10d do., best lot of grapes, not less than 10 lbs.

11d do., best specimens plums,

12d do., best diploma.

13d do., best lot honey, not less than 10 pounds,

14d do., best diploma.

Plows and Flaming Match.

best award sword.

15d do., Patent Office Reports.

To them who will plow 1/2 of an acre 10 inches deep in the best manner at the least expense within 40 minutes,

16d do., 2d do., 3d do., 4d do., 5d do., 6d do., 7d do., 8d do., 9d do., 10d do., 11d do., 12d do., 13d do., 14d do., 15d do., 16d do., 17d do., 18d do., 19d do., 20d do., 21d do., 22d do., 23d do., 24d do., 25d do., 26d do., 27d do., 28d do., 29d do., 30d do., 31d do., 32d do., 33d do., 34d do



AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31, 1854.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

FIRE IN MAINE.

Owing to the excessively dry weather of the past few weeks, large fires have been raging in the woods in several portions of the State. Buildings have also been burnt, and much property destroyed, the scarcity of water rendering it very difficult to extinguish the flames, when once under way. We do not hear of any serious damage in our immediate vicinity, although the woods have been on fire in several places, near here, and the smoke been visible in all directions. The rains of Thursday and Saturday Saturday last have evidently checked their progress.

We learn that on Friday night the house owned and occupied by a Mr. Goodridge, in Mt. Vernon, was entirely consumed by fire, with all the furniture, &c., the inmates having barely time to escape with their lives. The family had been in the house but a short time, and had newly furnished and repaired it. It is thought that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

But the largest fire in this State, that we have been called upon to record for a long time, occurred on Friday last, at Waldboro'. A telegraphic despatch, dated at Damariscotta, gives all the particulars we have received up to this time, (Monday.) The despatch says:

"At about 1 o'clock a fire broke out in the rear of the hotel at Waldboro', and swept away the roof of the village. Mr. Tibbett's large furniture, &c., were saved; the remainder, however, cast eastward as the Baptist Church, (which we saved,) including every store in the village, and every building south and west to the river, extending to Capt. H. Kuhn's the south side. Geo. H. Kennedy's new ship, and Capt. Jas. Cook's barque, both the stocks, were destroyed, as also all the timber for a new ship in Mr. J. Clark's yard. The Custom House, both Banks, and the Post Office were burnt. The loss cannot now be ascertained, but it is thought it must exceed \$250,000."

The only additional intelligence received of the fire at Waldboro', up to the time of going to press, is that forty-seven stores, with all their contents, and two banks, were destroyed. The loss is now estimated at half a million. About seventy families were rendered homeless.

On Monday last week, a house and barn, situated near the railroad in Gillett, and owned by Mr. H. Philbrook, were burnt, supposed to have caught from sparks from a locomotive.

With regard to the fires in the woods, we gather the following from our exchanges:

The Portland Advertiser says: "By letters from opposite sections of Franklin county, it appears that that whole region is on fire. Fire is raging in the pine woods of Chesterfield, and has burned up a house and barn. Farther north a famous blueberry territory, between Dead River and Saddleback mountain, is all a blaze, and the picking of berries stopped, people being unable to get on the ground. The Chronicle says, 'we hear of fires in the woods in various directions, which occasion much anxiety and alarm. The drought continues dreadfully severe.'"

The State of Maine, of Thursday last, says that the first that for several days past has been burning in the swamp, in the western extremity of Portland, driven by the wind. Tuesday afternoon, extended itself fearfully towards Bracket street, threatening destruction to the many wooden buildings in that neighborhood. Some of the buildings were cleared. The engines were called out, and succeeded in keeping the fire back so as to protect the buildings from danger."

The Oxford Democrat has the following:

"During the prevalence of the drought, for the past few weeks the fires have been running through the woods in all directions. White Cap in Rumford, has been nearly burnt over, and large fires are extending over other mountains in that vicinity. There has been a small fire on Mount Moriah, for the past week."

The Bangor Whig learns from the driver of Skowhegan stage, that fires are raging to a great extent in the town of Newport. Fire was set near the dwelling of Mr. M. Moore, and the citizens of the village, and the whole vicinity were called out to save his buildings from the flames.

A telegraphic despatch dated at Bangor, Aug. 23, gives the following with regard to fire in that vicinity:

"Fires are raging to a terrible extent in every section of this county. The damages to the woodland and crops will be enormous. Buildings have been burned in Kenduskeag, Corinth, and other towns. In many places, the entire population is engaged in fighting the fire. In Garland, it is said that a whole family, who live some distance from any other house, are entirely surrounded by the flames, having no means of escape. Whether they are dead or alive is not known."

A correspondent writes us from Curtis' Corner, Leeks, under date of Aug. 25th, as follows:

"A fire has been raging for the past week on the meadow between this place and Monmouth. Hundreds of acres of good meadow have burnt over, and also a large quantity of hay. It is thought that fifty tons of hay have burnt to-day. The fire is raging at a great rate in the direction of a large lot of valuable pine timber belonging to Col. Marion of Monmouth. Great efforts are being made to stop the progress of the fire at the road between the meadow and the timber lot."

TO THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES IN MAINE.

We wish to make out a regular list of the officers of all the Agricultural Societies in Maine, and the time and place of holding their fairs and exhibitions this fall. Give us the post office address of the Secretaries.

It will be remembered that the second section of the law, granting money to those societies was changed last winter, so as to read as follows:

"If there shall be three such societies in a county, the payment from the State Treasurer shall not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars to each of them, if two, and only two—two hundred dollars to each of them, and if there be only one such society the payment thereto shall not exceed three hundred dollars."

TRIP TO FRANKLIN COUNTY. We have just returned from a very pleasant excursion into Franklin County, up to the head waters of the Sandy River, and into the gold diggings. We will begin to tell you all about it in our next.

ANOTHER MAINE MAN "PLUCKED." On Wednesday of last week, a young man named W. F. Clough, from Readfield, was victimized by some sharpers in the Public Gardens, Boston, to the extent of some \$20, by means of the "patent safe" game. It is strange that people will suffer themselves to be plundered in this manner, when the trick has been so often exposed in the papers.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

The long-looked-for rain, which we were wishing for at the time of our last issue, has come, but in such small quantities as to little more than lay the dust. However, it was thankfully received, and we hope that we may be visited by a few more showers, of the same kind, or a little heavier. The first rain was on Thursday morning, when we had a slight shower. On Saturday afternoon and night there were several small showers. We understand the rain was much heavier below us.

The drought has been more general, this season, than for many years before. From all sections, both of this State and the country generally, we hear the same complaints. We present the following items from our exchange for the past week:

The Gardner Journal says:

"A severe drought is prevailing in this State, and the potato crop must suffer very much. The Kennebec is low. The Ossipee, on which our mills and manufacturing establishments are located, is also getting low, and the saw-mills on the power, &c., are obliged to 'take turns' in using the water."

The Oxford Democrat informs us that "The drought is unusually severe in this region. No rain of any amount has fallen since June. Crops of corn and potatoes are suffering severely. Many cases they are destroyed. The farmers, who reside on sandy land, are cutting up their corn, before it has ears at all, simply to save the fodder. Not half a crop of either corn or potatoes can be realized from the coming harvest."

The Belfast Journal says:

"It has been six weeks since we have been rained upon by rains, and of the time the weather has been very hot. The streams are almost dry, the ponds are sunk below their wonted height, vegetation is almost killed. It is with difficulty that water for culinary purposes is procured. The fall crops cannot now be resuscitated. The early sown grain yields quite well, but the late sowing is very poor. Corn and potatoes have long ceased to grow, and must be stunted. Fires are raging in the woods, the atmosphere is obscured by smoke, and our office is often filled with it. It has come to be a very serious thing. In the vicinity there will be no think, a great scarcity of native product, and the poor must suffer during the coming winter."

In a postscript dated Thursday morning the Journal adds that a heavy rain is falling, with indications of a storm.

The Portland Advertiser is "glad to learn from the northern section of Franklin county that notwithstanding the severe drought, the crops are looking finely" there.

The Lewiston Falls Journal says:

"The water in the river here has not been known to be so low for many years, if ever. The operations of both the grist mills, and most of the other mills, are suspended for want of water. The cotton factory shut down on Tuesday. An excellent opportunity for repairs on the dams and mills, and improvements in the works should be again favored with the music of the falls and the rattle and clash of more machinery. Our plains land bears the drought wonderfully, but the fields and gardens are beginning to wear a very melancholy aspect."

The Sac Union has the following article on the drought:

"It is now nearly eleven weeks since there has been any rain, worth mentioning in this section. A slight shower occurred about five weeks ago, but not sufficient rain fell to be of much service to vegetation. An appealing drought exists which threatens to confound us know not how long. The corn and potato crops are ruined. In many places, farmers have cut up their corn, and their potato field looks as though the fire had passed over them. Even the forest trees are beginning to drop from the influence of the protracted drought. The country presents a melancholy spectacle with its fields of dead or dying corn and potatoes, and to add to the general gloom, fires are ravaging in the woods in all directions, destroying timber growths and even in some instances threatening with destruction the dwellings of the farmers. A large tract of land, of several hundred acres, has been laid over in sand, and the bear of the woods is raging in the Waterboro', Danforth, Hollis and other places. If rain does not soon stop the destruction from these fires must be very great."

An extract from a letter from Bucksport states that "all vegetation is parched and withered, and to add to this evil, fires are prevalent in the woods up the Penobscot river. It is difficult to tell when or where they will stop, what damage they may cause; unless rain comes speedily, there is great danger of their proving highly disastrous."

These are discouraging reports, but they are fully as favorable as those from other States. In New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and, in short, throughout the Union, the drought is general. A correspondent writing from Franklin, Mass., undated of August 21, says:—"The drought in this section still continues. Sunday evening, the 13th, we had a few drops of rain, though not enough to 'lay the dust.' The rye and barley crop have turned out tolerably well. Corn has stood the dry weather thus far beyond our anticipations. Potatoes are suffering exceedingly, and unless we have rain soon the crop will come in dead."

The Boston Traveler has the following:

"The editor of the Louisville Journal, after travelling from St. Louis to Chicago and thence to Louisville, Ky., comes to the conclusion that in the great corn-growing States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Arkansas and Missouri, the corn crop this season will fall short of one half the average yield. In portions of Illinois and Missouri it is thought the crop will not be one third as large as usual, and in the neighborhood of the Ohio river it is regarded as nearly a total failure."

There were copious showers in the neighboring Androscoggin, Tenn., last Sunday week (12th) and in adjoining countries. But it came too late to save the corn crop. There is more hope of cotton."

MINERALOGICAL. We have received some specimens of minerals, found by Mr. Nathan Hill in his farm in Searsport. The dark colored specimens are plumbago or black lead of different degrees of purity, and the yellow colored earthy specimen is a species of yellow ochre. The latter is valuable if found in sufficient quantities, for manufacturing crucibles, British lustre, &c., the latter if found in quantities, can be very easily cleaned into form to answer for paint. Stir up a quantity of it in water, the heaviest particles will settle, pour off the portion that remains suspended in water, and after it has settled pour off the clear water, and the sediment when dry will be ready for use. By heating it in the fire it will absorb more oxygen and become red. The specimen of the rock resembles that which covers the anthracite at the R. I. coal mines.

DROWNED. On Monday of last week, Wm. T. Boynton, of Hallowell, was drowned in the Kennebec River, at Sidney. He was about twenty-five years of age.

If it be true that a given quantity of rain falls each year, it follows that a wet Spring and Summer produce a dry Fall and Winter. If this be so, then we are surely destined to be exempt from rains and snows during the coming Fall and Winter months, because we incline to the belief that more rain has fallen during the past summer than has fallen in this section of the country, in the same period within a century.

Rain commenced falling here again last night, and has continued to fall without intermission up to the hour of pressing our paper to press. Oh for one week of clear, bright pleasant weather!"

We think no one, here, would echo the wish in the last line of the above extract. Our prayer would be, "Oh, for one week of full, cloudy, rainy weather!"

NATIONAL HORSE FAIR. We see it stated that a great national horse fair will be held on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of September next, at the new National Course on Long Island, under the auspices of the National Jockey Club. The premiums offered are liberal, the list amounting to \$2,500. The best thoroughbred stallion receives \$200; second best \$100; the best stallion for all work, \$200; the best road gelding \$100; best team road horses \$100; best pair matched carriage horses four years old, owned by one person, \$100.

MUSICAL FROLIC. The Augusta Brass Band point to make an excursion to Hallowell on Thursday, August 31, in the steamer Teaser, and to give a ball on Thursday evening at the Ocean House, to which they invite everybody and his wife.

KENNEDY CO. AG. SOCIETY. The members of this Society are reminded that their Semi Annual meeting is to be held next Monday at the Wintrop House, in Wintrop village. See the notice.

WOLVES. The Oxford Democrat learns that a pack of Wolves have been committing depredations among the sheep, &c., Woodstock. Sidney Parrot Esq., lost on Monday night about \$25 worth.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DANIEL BOONE, AND THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY. By W. H. Bogart, Buffalo; Miller, Orton & Mulligan, Publishers. The author of this work has placed among the books of the day not only a well-written and interesting biography, but a really valuable work. Every one is familiar with the name of Daniel Boone, but few are acquainted with the details of his history, or look upon him as anything more than the first settler of Kentucky, a bold hunter and Indian fighter. This book shows him as something greater,—as one who has it in him to lead a nation.

The Gardner Journal says:

"A severe drought is prevailing in this State, and the potato crop must suffer very much. The Kennebec is low. The Ossipee, on which our mills and manufacturing establishments are located, is also getting low, and the saw-mills on the power, &c., are obliged to 'take turns' in using the water."

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

For the Maine Farmer.

MORNING.

BY GEO. W. BLAKE.

Far o'er the mountains,
Where the day fountains
Throw their gray spray o'er the pale eastern sky,
Glow the bright morning,
The horizon adorning,
While from his presence the night shadows fly.
From every bush and tree
Swell the sweet symphony
Of the gay birds, in their Aurora song;
Singing with pleasure
Many a measure,
As joyful they welcome the bright, rosy morn.
Slowly ascending,
The broad light attending,
Rises the sun from the wide ocean's breast,
Tinting the meadows
With light, airy shadows,
And gilding the hills of the far distant West.
Ever with cheerfulness,
Never with weariness,
The musical birds sing on;
And the sweet flowers,
In Nature's gay bower,
Open their leaves to th' industrial bee.

In the extended plains
O'er the boundless fields of grain,
Zephyrus now festoons from hill to hill,
Kissing the tulip's cheek
And the pale violet's neck,
As onward they hasten their tasks to fulfil.

Souls love to wander far,
When the sweet evening star
Throws its bright radiance o'er mountain and sea;

But where the darkness lies
There the fair stars skies,

These are the hours of roaming for me.

Franklin, Mass., Aug. 22, 1854.

MY MARRIED DAUGHTER.

My married daughter could you see,
I am sure you would be struck;

My daughters both are charming girls,
Few mothers have such luck.

My married one—my eldest child—
All hearts by magic wine;

And my second so resembles her,
Most people think them twins.

My married daughter spoils her spouse,
She's a good pattern wife;

And he adores her well he may—
Even she loves such a life.

She's never had fancied mortal man
Till he had won her heart,

And my second darling's just the same,
They're seldom seen apart.

Her husband oft has pressed my hand,
And said—“You know my Susan up,

With a smile—“You credit lies.”

To make her a domestic wife,

I own was all my aim—
My system was the same.

Now, do you know, I've often thought
The *deed* of the two,

(She's married, so I may speak out,)
Would just have suited you.

You never saw her? How shall I
My oldest girl portray?

Oh, my second is her counterpart,
And her you'll meet to-day.

The Story-Teller.

From Chambers' Repository.

THE HOPE OF LEASCOMBE.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER III.

Next day, a room adjacent to that of Mrs. Desmond—a charming room, beautifully furnished—was given to Sophy, or Miss Lester, as she was usually called. She had, too, a lady's maid placed entirely at her orders. Her mother's apartment was selected as near to her as possible. Mrs. Lester felt as if in a dream. She could hardly be brought to understand the truth at first, so bewildering were the circumstances. But how the poor widow rejoiced when she became a little calmer! Her dearest hopes were more than realized, and the future of her Sophy was now brilliant indeed.

Mrs. Desmond herself undertook the finishing of Sophy's education. They devoted nearly the whole day to study in common; and the widow was surprised to find, that if she could teach Sophy some things, she in return could teach her many others. In return for music and singing, she imparted to her a taste for certain authors, which had hitherto been to her as sealed books. It was doubly delightful to read them, since they were Henry's!

Another letter came from him, dated Calcutta, saying that he was going a voyage as second mate to the South Seas; and in this there occurred the following singular passage:

"Should you have an opportunity, make inquiries as to the health of Sir Edward and Lady Templeton, and their daughter, Mrs. Desmond. But as you love my peace and happiness, do not betray my having evinced any interest in them. They were kind to me when I was young; but I shall never see them again, for reasons known only to myself. Still should I glad to know that they are well." This paragraph caused deep grief to all—Sophy more than any one, as it seemed to denote a feeling somewhat difficult to be conquered, and a headstrong character of rather unpromising tone. Still, they all lived in hope.

Sophy pursued her accomplishments with activity, taking a great delight especially in music, for which she had an excellent ear. She did not neglect the children, although they had, for form's sake, another governess. They were in a great degree a happy and united family, though anxiety for the return of the young Hope of Leascombe caused many moments of pain and sorrow; the more that from that day they had no more letters, nor any tidings of the vessel in which Henry had sailed from Calcutta. They made every inquiry—they wrote to merchants and agents; and then, at the end of sixteen months, the ship was reported missing. Again there were sorrow and mourning in that house. No one gave up all hope, but they could not have much faith in the future. They began to fear at last, that either Henry was lost, or that he had been captured by some of our neighbors the French.

CHAPTER IV.

The schooner *William Pitt* left Calcutta with an assorted cargo, to trade in the South Seas. It was not a large vessel, and had few hands. There was the skipper, a mate, a second-mate, and four men, a boy serving as steward and cook. They were well armed, as they expected to deal with the natives, who were then very apt to take violent possession of articles intended for barter. Besides, they intended to do a little smuggling on the South American coast, if possible—this being in fact the real, the other rather the ostensible object of the voyage. But this was known only to the skipper and an illiterate sailor, who owed his post of first-mate to his being the skipper's brother. Harvey had been taken more for his scientific knowledge than for anything else. His place, therefore, was pleasant enough; as the others, having to trust their movements entirely to him, showed him great deference and attention. He had none

of the hard labor of the ship-board duties, being in fact, more like the captain than the owner himself.

They sailed from Calcutta just after the April monsoon, along the coast of Sumatra and Java, bound round by Borneo, and then made for New Zealand, touching at all these places; they afterwards visited the Tonga and Marquesas Islands—the whole occupying about five months.

The gales increased, grew more violent every moment, and soon became almost a hurricane. The sky was as black as night, although lurid flashes of lightning illuminated the scene every five minutes, seeming to burst from clouds over their heads. The sea came rolling on in vast billows, then breaking in short waves. Some of these swept the deck, and forced all to lay hold of the first ropes they could catch, to preserve their footing. The wind howled demoniacally in the rigging, and came with sudden gusts or blasts that threatened to lay the schooner every moment on her beam-ends.

William Harvey kept his eye about him everywhere, and looked anxiously now at the masts working wildly in their sockets, now at the shrouds and stays. "We must lie to close-hauled," he said to Peters. At that instant, a wave of vast dimensions came rushing madly on, dashed against the starboard bulwarks, and broke with awful force on the deck, blinding Harvey for a moment, and forcing him to look only to his own preservation. He shook himself, and stood erect to view the evil done. The main-mast was over the side; the vessel had been almost submerged by the mere weight of the wave; and Bob lay senseless in a flood of water by the lee-scrapers. Having raised him, he next astern with an ax to the larboard rigging, which he cut away, so that the mast lay completely free, overboard, dragging behind. He then turned to Bob, who was recovering from the stunning blow he had received. He laid him down on a spare sail, and examined his wound. It was simply a great bruise, but not likely to be dangerous.

"I know it, I know it," he muttered, as he recovered himself. "We shall never get home again if I tell them to do so," said William Harvey quietly.

"I will give myself and I answer for the men," replied Harvey quickly. "I'm not fond of any governments; and I can see no harm in doing business against the laws of Spain."

"Spoken like a man, say I!" exclaimed the skipper, by name Red Thorn. "But why are you so confident about the men?"

"Because they would follow me anywhere Didn't I pick the crew myself? They'd throw me overboard if I told them to do so," said

William Harvey quietly.

"The deuce they would!" cried the startled skipper. "Ha! ha! ha! I like that, though, hang me if I don't. You're the sort of chap for us. So, now, just push off the course to Valdivia. Hanged if I know where it is; but I know it when I see it."

"Very good, sir," said William Harvey quietly; "I'll see exactly to-morrow. How's her head?" This was shouted to the man at the wheel.

"Sou-west, sir."

"Put her at south until midnight, and then south-east," replied William Harvey.

"What a head you've got!" exclaimed the skipper, holding up his hands in amazement, and opening his eyes wide; for he himself Harvey was already aware, knew nothing of navigation. This was his first voyage; and he ventured out under such circumstances as possible. Mrs. Lester felt as if in a dream. She could hardly be brought to understand the truth at first, so bewildering were the circumstances. But how the poor widow rejoiced when she became a little calmer! Her dearest hopes were more than realized, and the future of her Sophy was now brilliant indeed.

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CHAPTER V.

A few days later, the wind suddenly increased to a gale, and they found themselves obliged to take in nearly all sail. It was clear to William Harvey from the first, that they were about to pass through a severe storm—and he told the skipper so. Thorn turned very pale. Although an old sailor, he was obviously a coward; and four men, a boy serving as steward and cook. They were well armed, as they expected to deal with the natives, who were then very apt to take violent possession of articles intended for barter. Besides, they intended to do a little smuggling on the South American coast, if possible—this being in fact the real, the other rather the ostensible object of the voyage. But this was known only to the skipper and an illiterate sailor, who owed his post of first-mate to his being the skipper's brother. Harvey had been taken more for his scientific knowledge than for anything else. His place, therefore, was pleasant enough; as the others, having to trust their movements entirely to him, showed him great deference and attention. He had none

"Very bad, Bob; I don't like it; but please God, we'll get over it."

"I don't know. I never thought we'd ever end this voyage well," mused the boy.

"Why so, Bob?"

"I don't know. I suppose it's an idea. But I never do."

"Nonsense. Because you get blown up a bit, you think it must end badly. Mind your helm, Peters; keep her straight before it."

The gales increased, grew more violent every moment, and soon became almost a hurricane. The sky was as black as night, although lurid flashes of lightning illuminated the scene every five minutes, seeming to burst from clouds over their heads. The sea came rolling on in vast billows, then breaking in short waves. Some of these swept the deck, and forced all to lay hold of the first ropes they could catch, to preserve their footing. The wind howled demoniacally in the rigging, and came with sudden gusts or blasts that threatened to lay the schooner every moment on her beam-ends.

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CHAPTER VI.

William Harvey sat like one in a dream when the boy had finished his story. And this was the end of his youthful care! His headstrong fully had brought him in league with his master, and he had been cast off by his master. He worked night and day, and never grumbled. The captain would constantly threaten to shoot him like a dog; but he knew himself. He was always kept at his cash about him, and conceived a desire to obtain possession, not only of the other's vessel, but his fortune. For this purpose, he allied himself with his master, who was always his companion, and together they determined to effect their purposes, no matter by what means.

The *Ganges* was fitted out for the voyage to Bombay in the creek already al-

lotted in the strict letter of the law—and her crew was already chosen, and had received orders to join their vessel at a certain fixed date. Three days before, Thorn rose early one morning and went ashore, accompanied by his brother. They made for the cabin inhabited by

Matthew Finlayson, who was still a noted and bold sailor, but had been disabled by age.

"Let us kill the youngster," said the brother.

"No! I want him. He's a good cook," said

Bob, "but he's a fool. I'll serve him as long as I can."

"Look again."

"Land, oh! I see it—a little hill popping up like a cloud out of the water!" screamed the boy with delight, while the three men whispered to each other.

"Now look out about nor-west," cried Harvey, pointing in that direction with his glass.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Do you see anything?"

The men came crowding up in a state of great anxiety.

"No, sir."

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